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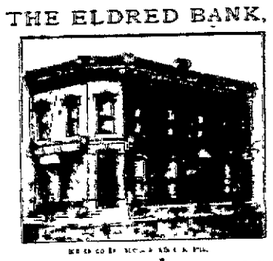

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NAVAL BATTLES.

THE COW TU AT ATE THE PIPER.

One of Samuel Lover's Stories of "The Auction."

"I'll tell you sir a mighty quare story and it's thrue as I'm standing here and that's no lie. It was in the time of the rection th insurrection of 1798 at Wicklow Ireland; when the long summer days like many a fine fellow's precious life was cut short by raison of the martial law that wouldn't let a dacent boy be out in the evening good or bad for when the day's work was over divil a one of us dare go to meet a frind over a glass or a girl at the latest but must go home and shut ourselves up and never budge nor rise latel nor dress bouit until the morning kem again. Well one night it was after nightfall and we wor sitting round the fire and the praties was boiling, and the noggins of buttermilk was standing ready for our suppers when a knock kem to the door.

Whist says my father, here's the villers,' says he 'bad luck to thim the villains I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of fire through the crack in the door says he.

No says my mother for I'm afther changing an old sack and mix now patt coat again it which manes

Well whist anshow says he for the rest o's kim again. And we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

Oh it's folly to purtind any more says my father there's no use to be put off that away says he to Shamus says he I'm and see who it is.

How can I see who's in the dark says I

Well says he light the candle thin and see who it is but don't open the door for your life and see thru the breaking in sticks everything to the ground and spake through the kay hole what I want to the door and then we can think.

Who's there

I says says he

Who are you says I

After I says he

Rattle-skull says I who are you at all

Arrah don't you know me says he

Divil a bit says I

Yes I'm Paddy the piper says he

Oh thin thin thin thin says I isn't me Paddy

Sure I am says he

And is the fire light out at this hour says I

Be my sowl Paddy like a thing the candle's the cheapest and I kem the short cut and that's what bate me says he

Oh bloody wars says I Paddy I wouldn't be in your shoes for the kingdom of Connaught and by the powers they carried off Paddy and faith it was only serving him right for what he done to the poor corpse

When the morning kem my father says to me Go Shamus, to the shed and pour Paddy come in and take share of the breakfast for I go bail he's ready for it by this anyhow

Well out I went to the cow house and called out Paddy and afther calling three or four times and getting no answer I went in and calling again and livil an answer I got still

Blood and ages says I Paddy where are you at all at all and so casting my eyes about the shed I see two feet sticking out from unther the hape o' straw

Musha thin says I bad luck to you Paddy but you're fond of a warm corner and maybe you haven't made yourself snug but I'll disturb your dhrames I'm thinking.

With that I laid hould of his heels – as I thought God help me – and giving a good pull to waken him as I'm telling you I went heels over head and my brains was almost knocked out again the wall. Well when I recovered myself there I was on the broad o' my back and the two boots sticking out of my hands like a pair o' Hussman's horse pistols and I thought the sight I have my eyes when I seen they were two mortal legs. My jewl I threw them down like a hot praties and jumping up I roared out murther murther

Oh thin you murthering villian says I shaking my fist at the cow that you unnatural baste says I you've ate poor Paddy you thieving canna ble you're worse than a magyer says I and bad luck to you how dainty you are that nothing'd serve you for your supper but the best piper in Ireland Wirrasthru what'll the whole counthry say to such an unnatural murther and you looking as innocent there as a lamb and eating your hay as quiet as if nothing had happened

With that I ran out for troth I didn't like to be near her and going into the house I told them all about it

Arrah be aisy says my father Bad luck to the lie I tell you 'says I Is it ate Paddy is' says they Divil a doubt of it says I Are you sure Shamus" says my mother

I wish I was as sure of heaven says I Bad luck to the but she has left iv him but his two legs.

And do you tell me she ate the pipes too says my father

Begor. I believe so says I

Oh the divil fly away wid her says he What a cruel taste she has for music

Arrah says my mother 'don't be cursing the cow that gives the milk to the childher

Is I will says my father, why shouldn't I curse such an unnatural baste'

You oughtn't to curse any living crather that's under your roof,' says my mother

By my sowl, thin' says my father, she shan't be undher my roof any more for I'll send her to the Fair thu mint, says he, 'and sell her for what ever she'll bring. Go aff directly, says he, Shamus the mint you've ate yor breakfast, and dhrive her to the Fair'

'Troth, I don't like to dhrive her,' says I

'Arrah, don't be making such a gummah of yourself,' says my father.

'Faith, I can't,' says I.

by raison that the Husshums never hanged anybody vid good clothes on him but only the poor and defendless crathurs like uz so as I said before Paddy knew well it was the boys that done it Says Paddy eyein the corpse

By my soul thin but you have a beautiful pair of boots on you says he and it's what I'm thinking you won't have any great use for thim no more and sure it's a shame to see the like o' me says he the best piper in six counthies to be tramping wid a pair of auld brogues not worth I trancens and a corpse wid such an illigant pair of boots that wants some one to wear thim

So with that Paddy lays hould of him by the boots and began a pulling at thim but they were mighty stiff and whether it was by raison of their being so tight or the branch of the three a jigging up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not letting Paddy catch my right holt o' thim—he could get no advantage of thim at all—and at last he gev it up and was going away when looking behind him again the sight of the illigant fine boots was too much for him and he turned back determined to have the boots anyhow by fair means or foul and I'm loath to tell you how he got thim for indeed it was a bad turn and I thought it was the only bad turn I ever knew Paddy to be guilty av and you see it was this way he pulled out a big knife and by the same token it was a knife with a fine buck's head and a murthering big blade that an inch o' mine that was a gardener at the Lords made Paddy a present av. Well he outs with his knife and what does he do but cut off the legs av the corpse and says he I can take off the boots anyhow convaynance and then thinks I to myself I was a fool to have left them there for the next comer.

Paddy then says I you had better lose no time in taking yourself for troth I tells you a short trial and a long rope the Husshums would be after giving you for there's no justice at all at all since the villains

Faith thin thim's the reason you should be out in Shamus says poor Paddy

It's folly to talk says I I darn't open the door

Och thin millia murther says Paddy what is become of me at all at all says he

So off into the shed says I behind the house where the cows and the rest an illigant lot of straw that you may go to sleep in says I and a fine bed it'll be for you let alone a piper

So off Paddy set to hide in the shed and troth it was to our hearts to refuse him and turn him away from the door more by token when the parties were ready for sure the bit and the sup is always welcome to the poor crather Well as I was going to bed and Paddy himself in the cowhouse and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy

You see after sleeping for some time Paddy wakened up thinking it was morning but it wasn't morning at all but only the light o' the moon that deceived him but at all events he wanted to be stirring airly, because he was going off to the town hard by it bein Fair day to pick up a few hapence with his pipes—for the divil a better piper was to all the country round nor Paddy and every one gave it up to him that he was illigant on the pipes and played Jinny banged the weaver between telling and the Hare in the corn that you'd think the very dogs was in it and the horseman riding like mad

Well as I was saying he set off to go to the Fair and he went meandering along through the fields, but he didn't go far until climbing up through a hedge when he was coming at t'other side his head kem plump again something that made the fire flash out o' his eyes So, with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be merciful unto us, but a corpse hanging out of a branch of a tree

Oh, the top of the morning to you sir, says Paddy, and is that the way with you my poor fellow? thrat you took a start with me,' says Paddy

'Twas thrue for, him—for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump to see the like—and to think of a Christian crather being hanged up all by one as a dog' Now 'twas the boys that hanged this chap, bekase you see, the corpse had got clothes on him, and that's the reason that one might know it was the rebels and not the Government that hanged him, for the Government always hanged people in their own clothes, and gave them a dacent burial, but the rebels hanged them in their clothes, and buried them undher the gallows, like dogs.

'Well like or no like,' says he, 'you must dhrive her'

Sure father' says I, 'you could take more care of her yourself'

'That's naughty good' says he, 'to keep a dog and bark myself,' and, faith I recollect the saying from that hour let me have no more words about it,' says he but be aff wid you'

So aff I went, and its no lie I'm telling when I say it was sore again my will I had anything whatever to do with such vallain of a baste But howsomever I cut a brave long wattle that I might dhrive the manather of a thief as she was without being near her at all at all Well, away we went along the road, and mighty throug it was wid the boys and girls, and in short all sorts, rich and poor high and low crowding to the Fair

God save you says one to me

God save you kindly" says I

'That's a fine baste you're dhriveng, says he

'Troth she is,' says I. Though God knows it went again my heart to say a good word for the like of her

It is to the Fair you are going I suppose says he with the baste He was a sing looking farmer, riding a purty spirited little grey hack

Faith thin you are right enough says I its to the Fair I'm going

What do you expect for her' says he

Faith thin myself doesn't know' says I And that was thrue enough you see bekase I was bewildered like about the baste intirely

That is a pure way to be going to market says he and not to know what you expect for your baste

Och says I—not likin to let him suspect there was anything wrong with her—och says I in a careless sort of way sure no one can tell what a baste'll bring until they come to the Fair says I and see what price is on

Indeed that's thrath enough' says he But if you war but a fair price before you come to the Fair sure you might as well take it says he

Oh I've no objection in my life' says I

Well thin what'll you ax for her says he

Why thin I wouldn't like to be onreasonable says I for the truth was you know I wanted to get rid of her and so I'll take 11 pounds for her and no less

No less says he

Why sure that's chape enough says I

Troth it is and I'm thinking it's too chape it is says he for if there wasn't something the matther it's not for them paltry sum you'd be selling the fine milch cow as she is to all appearance

Indeed upon my soul and conscience she is a fine milch cow says I

Maybe she's gone off her milk in regard that she doesn't feed well says he

Och by this and that says I in regard of feeding there is not the likes of her in Ireland so make your mind easy and if you like her for the money take her

Why indeed I'm not in a hurry says he and I'll wait till I see how they go in the Fair

With all my heart says I purtending to be no ways consarned but in troth I began to be afeared that the people was seeing something unnatheral about her and that we'd never get rid of her at all at all At last we kem to the Fair and a great sight of people was in it—troth you'd think the whole world was there let alone the stands of gingerbread and illigant ribbons and making of beautiful gowns and pitch and toss and merry go rounds and tints with the best av drink in thim, and the fiddle playing up to encourage the boys and girls, but I never minded them at all but dhrave mint to sell the thieving rogue of a cow afore I'd mind any divarshin in life so and I dhrive her into the thickin of the Fair when all of a suddint as I kem to the door av a tint up sthruck the pipes to the tune av Tattlering Jack Welsh and my jewl, in a minit the cow cocked her ears and was making a dart for the tint

Oh murther says I to the boys standing by hould her hould her—she's ate one piper already the ragabone and bad luck to her she wants another now

Is it a cow for to ate the piper'

Divil a word of he in it for I seen his corpse myself and nothing left but the two legs and it folly to be sthriving to hide it for I see she'll never lave it aff—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost. Lord be merciful to him.

'Who is that taking my name in vain' says a voice in the crowd, and with that, shoving the throng a one side who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan to all appearance

Oh, hould him too' says I, keep him av me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost says I, for he was killed last night to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.

Well, sir with that Paddy—for it was Paddy himself as it kem out afther—fell a laughing, and that you'd think his sides id split, and when he kem to himself he up and he towld us how it wuz. as I towld you already and the likes av the fun they made av me was beyant telling, for wrongfully disdoubting the poor cow and laying the blame av atin a piper an her

So we all went into the tint to have it explained, and by gor it took a full gallon av sprits to explain it, and we dhrunk health and long life to Paddy and the cow, and Paddy played that day beyant all telling, and many a one said the likes was never heerd before or sense, even from Paddy himself—and av coorse the poor slandered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid uz afther that, and when she died, troth my father had sich a regard for the poor thing that he had her skinned, and an illigant pair of breeches made out av her hide, and it's in the family to this day; and tim't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm going to tell you, it's as true as I'm here, that from that out, any one that has them breeches on the munit a pair av pipes strikes up, they can't rest, but goes jigging in their sate and never stops as long as the piper is playing—and there, there there is the very breeches that's an me now and a fine pair they are this minit

SAMBO'S HOME LIFE.

How the Colored People Live Down in Florida.

(Cor San Francisco Chronicle.)

Not the least interesting question to be solved is the status of the colored population Sambo owns his little hut, his twenty or forty acres, is the case may be and only works for "de white folkses" when he wants to pay taxes, or buy some coveted piece of furniture or a new garment for Mrs. Sam or the "chilluns." In a few miles ride one comes across several of these clumps with their clusters of beautiful wild orange trees, their banana plants, their fig trees, the pigs running everywhere, the children of the same color (for the native pig is as black as your hat), little grinning imps showing all their ivories, standing about the door, almost always beginning to dance and shout with characteristic gestures when white 'folkses' come in sight The father of the family is over yonder among the cotton gently nipping the ripe bolls little over an inch in length, and the mother is busily engaged with her domestic duties. Sometimes the whole family from Mrs Sam with her bare splashy feet and heads aroot tower ing red or white, to the smallest knock kneed little 2 year old are out in the field working like black cot negroes. It would surprise you to see our black boy, Tony a lad of 11 years old unless drop and concentrate. I could scarcely follow him and my admiration boiled over in subjections of the superlative order and the most fervid interjections

Why Tony' said I what did you learn to plant corn in that fashion'

Dunno' says Tony

How long have you been planting?

Mos' ebber since I 'member' says Tony in a drawling tone

How old are you Tony

I don't know exactly. He has reply after a moment's study

Where do you live Tony

On de Hamilton place by the way his name is Mr. Hamilton is a native of now in the south I ask him various other questions to which he answers in the same old fashion done mos' sence I stop at last despairing of eliciting further information

Suppose we enter one of these log shanties. There are three rooms in all every room is used Two black babies with owl eyes sit sucking their thumbs in the middle of the floor or the principle article is nothing in which to lay bones. Big lipped woman at a present over the household tells us is the dinner of the best meal

Well this is grand in broom she says but my the youngest baby boy of em as it's locks we does ever did see all we has got

Why don't you grow more? I ask

Law's we honey

No corn no plant vegetables

Yes mos' we does Under sorter sometimes but de reason is what we depends on

Don't you eat your rice

Laws no, mos' we sells dat to de white folks dat and de vegetables and but de sweet potater or schanges it for pork an meal at de sto Give we hogs grains corn an Lasses an was happy Now some one head up so it an we don't take nothin else honey

The Africans here fortunately hold the whites in great respect They have not yet reached to that round on the ladder of civilization which makes them to believe and act upon the saying that a white man is good as a nigger if it only behaves itself. He will not push nor chew his white friends in the stands at a respectful distance while his unblushing demands vary times the amount of the worth of this lodge He is aware of his whereabouts in the money line only to a good workman could be hired for 50 cts per day and his keep which considering the limited amount of work performed is quite enough for he always has miles to note here and five miles to note here to do Now the unblushing demand and since the northern people have flocked here they get it to the great chagrin and anger of the old settlers

He Was a Lifesitter.

[Buffalo Express.]

She was in humble circumstances but she was a Boston girl for all that

Yes put in a meddlesome she remarked to the railroad reporter whom she met on an excursion train

Indeed responded the young gentleman addressed very much concerned to know what a meddlesome might be but very much afraid of exposing his western rawness by asking

From a Boston young man on the train it was learned that papa impartial the desired impetus to a wheel barr was used in connection with city improvements

Reasonable Enough.

(Norristown Herald.)

Each of the special performances in Munich before the king of Bavaria at a cost over $8,000 Eight thousand dollars seems like a pretty steep price for a man to pay for one night's enjoyment of a drama but when it is remembered that his pleasure was to be marred by a number of peanut munching idiots in the gallery, nor the rush ing out of the entre-acte fiend, or the audible comments of a semi intoxicated individual in the audience, the sum seems reasonable enough

Identification at the Morgue.

[New York Mail and Express.]

Official stupidity, instead of aiding in the disentanglement, does everything to hinder it In Paris, when a drowned man is taken from the river his body is exposed to public view on a marble slab behind a plate glass window and at his side his clothes cleaned pressed, and restored as nearly is possible to their original condition, are hung up much as a tailor displays a suit of store clothes in a way to display cut and pattern most plainly to a customer Thus the person who comes to look for a lost friend has a fair chance.

At our morgue, where the dead be cramped, swollen, and disfigured, in rough pine board coffins in an atmosphere of intolerable stench, their clothes, when the day of burial comes, are cringed off much as a dead cat is skinned, and left on the dock, a fetid, disgusting heap, to dry and fester in the sun, covered with sand and slime from the river bottom, then made into a foul bundle, tied about with any convenient end of rope and stowed away among others like it to the last degree revolting to touch or handle for people with sensitive nerves. The police description of "dark suit" or "dark mixed clothes" that is frequently the best that can be given when the wet body is lifted from the river suggests in no way the neat business suit in which the absentee was last seen by his friends, and the muddy, discolored bundle at the morgue still less.

Christian Union It is the shallower part of life, after all, that finds expression. The vast current of thought, emotion, experience, flows on in darkness and silence

SHEDD'S Excelsior Cough Syrup contains no opium or chloroform. 25 cents per bottle.

THE ORIGINAL "DIXIE"

The New Orleans Times-Democrat gives the following as the correct original of the famous "Dixie":

"I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Ole times dar am not forgotten,
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on a frosty mawnin'.

"Ole massa marry Will de weaber,
Will he was a gay deceaber
When he puts his arm around her
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.

"His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat didn't seem a bit to grieb her,
Will run away massa took a decline,
Her face was de color ob de bacon rine.

"While massa libbed she libbed in clober,
When he died she died all ober
How could she act de foolish part
An marry a man to broke her heart?

"Buckwheat cakes an' cawn meal batter
Makes you fat, or little fatter
Here's a health to de next ole massa,
An all de gals as wants to kiss us.

"Now if you want to drink away sorrow
Come an hear dis song to-morrow
Dan boot it down an scratch de grabbel,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabbel."

CHORUS.

"I wish I was in Dixie hooray, hooray"
In Dixie's land
We'll take our stand,
To live an die in Dixie
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie

A VILLAGE ROMANCE.

How a Father's Obstinacy Was Overcome by a Simple Shepherd Couple.

(Paris Morning News.)

A little shepherd of the forests of Pal mesa loved a young girl of Santo-Pietro, the cool mountain village where the fashionable ladies of Aprecio go to spend the summer. The young girl also loved the youth At the first word of marriage the father of the young girl flew into a terrible passion, so terrible that for several days after the flocks of Pal mesa did not dare to wander near the hillsides of Santo Pietro but on the fifth day the young girl fell ill, and at last the father relented

We will see about that he said, if evil has drawn his consumptive number and he's served his time I do not want you to have a husband who will be compelled to leave you as soon as you are married

He came to that in this country, where the average of the shepherd in an hour afterward knew what had to be said. In fact it was unnecessary, he could get it into only one idea appropriate to the situation—magic from his flute of ordinary service

The next day, when evening wound in the forests he overheard a peasant give his child a smart blow with his shoe but a discussed three days. Now let the story commence at this point. He went home and told of his horse as well as he was able and when the wood was cut and the shepherds and their wives trooped home to Santo Pietro the shepherd repeated his offer

I am going to enter in the army, he said, and when I come back we will talk about it. You can marry no one

But the father stopped him on the sword Mr Packman of No. 29 Silver street, Chicago added, of course, some of you think that the older ones have the best positions and the best pay. Yes the work and experience does tell, but for ten years I, PARKER'S TONIC to be all the lubricant I need. I've got a bottle oh and here now, never go on a trip with out it. It keeps me fully equal to any strain in any way out of sorts, it sets me up into one if drinking me would use the Tonic, it has nothing to do with it, of course, but I don't get a light-house. A similar low down near the wharf. As I was saying the Tonic is my life boat. You see that bottle on the shelf, with a label of PARKER'S Tonic in the locker I can keep malaria as far from me as I like all the time. Was troubled for five years for summer complaints and colic, and as an invalid, when she tried out from Coventry. She is the blind girl of Palmesa or the hunch back of Saint Andrea"

If young girl she took pity and not once during her illness did she speak of her shepherd. When two months of illness was passed and the young girl began to rest and the shepherd was allowed to walk with the invalid of Pal mesa by the hand to her desks and one morning after a long walk the shepherd said

Now I can marry you for I am rich

Indeed, where? was asked you He took and showed her. Then the magician had taken her hand on a stone

This is how you did it isn't it? This is how the castle is built

And before the shepherd was able to reply the hut had fallen the stone was reddened and he adored by the three sisters of the peasant of Santo Pietro

Now shepherd she said, "show me how you headed the castle

And together they went to inspect the work of the fairies and she was pleased with it

Behind where you made the door, she said, I will have a window

Behind where you made the door, she said, I will have a window

Behind where you made the door, she said, I will have a window

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

[illegible]

[illegible] August 22, 1884

BLAINE OF MAINE.

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[illegible]

The Keen County Miner

Smethport Pa., August 22, 1884.

NOTICE TO NO SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible] upon paper shows the time to [illegible] which the [illegible] paid. If the paper stops, notify us at once, as we will continue to send it for the time which you take it from the office.

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TAKE IT.

The MINER will be furnished to [illegible] from this date to January 1885, for THIRTY CENTS. [illegible] republican in McKean [illegible] should take it. Will the [illegible] of this paper call the attention of their republican friends [illegible]

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

[illegible] Paul's general store, [illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS

PE-RU-NA

PERUNA

MANALIN

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite, faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst cases by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.

Health is Wealth!

THOMPSON & WOOD, Druggists,

CATARRH HAY FEVER

HAY-FEVER

ELMIRA N Y

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

THE BEST FAMILY REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CRAMPS, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches in Man or Beast. Cures Colds, Sprains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on HORSES. One trial will prove to any one its great merits. INSTANTANEOUS.

AGENTS Wanted for Cook's Bibles

BROWNELL BROS

DEALERS IN Dry Goods, Notions, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Provisions, etc.

AGENTS FOR THE White Sewing Machines

NEW HOTEL—Justice to all

Smethport, - Pa.

AGENTS

McKean County Miner

OUTCROPS

"Count Tolstoi pays

Oh what a ruin is the gift by out that hand

Have I not loved thee in my fashion

I gave my heart to thee, but thou

Nor I within the iron bring gates of God despair

With fragrant

Is the most dismal

Each

Can this be I, great I, whose renown

Still

Wait

Thou

Ah

Ah

Ah